

Cocky

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/12667077) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/12667077>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	The Transformers (IDW Generation One)
Relationship:	Megatron/Rodimus
Character:	Megatron (Transformers) , Rodimus (Transformers)
Additional Tags:	Light Dom/sub , Dirty Talk , Rimming , Anal Sex , Sticky Sexual Interfacing , Praise Kink , Snark , Fluff , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot
Series:	Part 7 of Tumblr Requests
Stats:	Published: 2017-11-08 Words: 4420

Cocky

by [redseeker](#)

Summary

Megatron convinces Rodimus to try something new.

“What a mess.” Megatron rubbed Rodimus's thighs as he looked down at the red and orange mech's valve. It was stretched open and filled to overflowing with silvery transfluid. He tutted and shook his head.

Rodimus pulled a face and wiggled. “It's your fault,” he said. “Don't blame me for what *you* did to me.”

“I'm not blaming you,” Megatron said. He slid his hands up Rodimus's thighs and spread his valve open even wider with his thumbs. “Merely making an observation. You are a mess, and *this* is shameful.” He smiled when Rodimus's cheeks coloured energon pink. “Look at you. What a *great leader* you are... Is this how you became captain?”

Rodimus scowled and tried to lunge at Megatron, but the old warlord just pressed Rodimus down with one hand on his chest, as easily as if Rodimus were a helpless minibot. He rubbed his wet spike, already hard again, against Rodimus's messy valve. Rodimus's indignation went up in flames at the stimulation, and he tilted his head back and gave a shaky sigh, hips jerking as he tried to rub himself against his co-captain's length. Megatron chuckled.

“Yes, that's what you truly want, isn't it?” His vocals were smooth and dirty as he leaned over the lithe red mech. “Isn't this easier?”

“Ahh... you're an afthole, you know that?”

“Mm?” Megatron blinked, and then a slow, wicked smile crept onto his face. “Now *there's* an idea.

Don't let anybot ever tell you you're as stupid as you look, Rodimus.”

Rodimus grunted in annoyance at Megatron's casual barb, but his charge was running too high for him to formulate anything close to a cutting come-back. Megatron held his spike and guided it downward, rubbed the tip against Rodimus's tight little aft, and then thought better of it.

“Wait. Turn over.”

“You're crazy – you're not really going to-?”

“Afraid? I'm not going to hurt you. But your valve is so stretched it's hardly pleasurable to use anymore.”

“*Use?*”

“Shh, just roll over. There's a good bot.”

Rodimus grumbled but turned over onto his front. Megatron straddled Rodimus's closed legs and massaged his aft. It was pert and exquisitely shaped, and all brightly coloured as though just asking for attention. He kneaded and tweaked it, making Rodimus squirm in pleasure rather than annoyance.

On the occasions when Megatron didn't choose to use Rodimus's mouth – mostly as a way of shutting him up for a few peaceful kliks – Megatron defaulted to taking the Autobot in his valve. Rodimus's aft was unexplored territory, and it felt like a stroke of genius to explore it now. He moistened his little finger and gently teased the tight opening of Rodimus's behind. Rodimus shivered, hands gripping the sheets. His spoiler twitched endearingly; it reminded Megatron of a certain jet's expressive wings, and he kept half an optic on it to gauge Rodimus's mood. He may find Rodimus annoying, but he didn't want to actually hurt him. It wouldn't serve his interests, and besides, Rodimus would only complain about it for the rest of the voyage.

No, it would be far more satisfying to please the mech so much that he came undone beneath Megatron's touch, became addicted to his spike and all too eager to please his true Captain. He smirked just thinking about it. It would be such a sweet way to establish his dominance, and Rodimus likely wouldn't even notice it was happening.

Seeing how jittery Rodimus was, Megatron withdrew his fingertip from the mech's aft and got down on his belly. He gently nudged Rodimus's legs apart to make room for him to lie down between them, and brought his face up close to Rodimus's array. He took a deep inhale of the scent of Rodimus's valve. Rodimus produced a lot of lubricant every time Megatron took him – it didn't usually take much stimulation to have the red mech dripping, which Megatron always appreciated. Megatron had taken that luscious little valve several times by this point, and Rodimus had produced quite the wet patch on the berth beneath him. Lubricant continued to drip from his opened hole, mingled with Megatron's copious doses of transfluid. Megatron couldn't resist licking at the deliciously dirty cocktail seeping from Rodimus's valve, and he groaned at the taste and sank his glossa deep into Rodimus's body. He swished his glossa from side to side, thrust it as deep as he could, and swirled it all around. Rodimus squirmed, and Megatron got fluids all over his face. He didn't mind.

When he was satisfied, he moved his attention up to the delicate little pucker of Rodimus's aft. He licked over it, and then moved the tip of his glossa over and around it in a teasing spiral pattern. He squeezed the halves of Rodimus's curved aft and spread them apart, and growled darkly to see the little hole stretch and open slightly. Rodimus whined, but it was quiet and Megatron judged it was all right to continue. Rodimus's armour was hot to the touch, and his valve was producing yet more

lubricant just from Megatron licking his aft. If Rodimus liked that, he had a real treat in store.

Megatron buried his face in the soft cleft of Rodimus's aft, and gave the bot's tender afthole a passionate, wet kiss. His glossa delved into the tight pucker, worming its way deeper with sinuous motions that teased Rodimus's hole to gently open up. Rodimus made the most endearing little sounds as his aft was eaten out, gorgeous breathy sighs and sobs. Megatron imagined the furious blush on Rodimus's cheeks, the adorable way his face tended to scrunch up when he was totally concentrated on pleasure. His own spike throbbed painfully, and he rubbed it against the berth beneath him to try to stave off his own need. It was worth waiting – he loved doing this. Besides, having the red mech come undone before he even put his spike in him was worth an aching jaw and a deferred overload.

He took his time and waited until Rodimus felt sufficiently relaxed, and then he decided he was ready. Still he went slow. Rushing things now would set him back, and, even being as patient as he was, he didn't think he could handle the frustration. His spike was aching hard and leaking from the tip, and it was getting more and more difficult to concentrate. He used the mixture of fluids from Rodimus's valve to slick his fingers, and then slid his pinky back inside Rodimus's aft. He was looser now, his internals relaxed, and Megatron pushed in to the knuckle in one smooth slide. Rodimus made a soft, pleased sound, tightened for a beat and then relaxed once more. Megatron watched proudly as Rodimus lifted his hips as if to ask for more.

“How does it feel?” Megatron asked. He slid his little finger slowly in and out of Rodimus's aft, just getting Rodimus used to the feeling of having something in there.

“Weird,” Rodimus grunted. He looked over his shoulder at Megatron, his expression strangely shy. Megatron hadn't known Rodimus's cavalier facade to drop often, but here and now he let his vulnerability show. It probably wasn't deliberate, so Megatron held back on commenting. This was a delicate situation. He wanted Rodimus eating out of his hand, not biting his head off. “Not... not weird bad.”

“Hmmm. Good.”

“I can't take your spike in there,” Rodimus blurted. He slid his legs further apart and arched his back, and Megatron took this as encouragement to continue fingering him. He added another finger to Rodimus's aft and licked around the gently stretched rim.

“You are quite tight. But we can work on that.”

Rodimus groaned and pawed at the sheets. “Feels so strange...”

“Am I hurting you?” Rodimus shot him a strange look. His face was almost entirely pink, and his optics were round and bright. Megatron smiled, somewhat condescendingly, and said, “Yes, that's right – believe it or not I actually don't want to hurt you.”

“But you – ahh, careful – hate me.”

“Hmm...” Megatron looked down to watch Rodimus's aft stretching as he carefully and thoroughly worked it open. He chose his words carefully. “I find you frustrating to work with, and I don't believe the ship needs two captains. You're unnecessary-”

“*You're unnecessary!*”

Megatron raised a brow and responded by simply pushing a third finger into Rodimus's aft. Rodimus's mouth dropped open and he seemed to lose the thread of his argument rather quickly.

He pushed himself onto his knees and elbows and rocked his hips back towards Megatron.

“Easy,” Megatron breathed, using his free hand to rub Rodimus's lower back and thighs. “For now, why don't you just accept that I get more satisfaction from watching you in pleasure than in pain?”

“Ah... I don't trust a thing you say, but o-okay...!”

Megatron smirked. Rodimus's processor was too fogged by pleasure and lust for him to focus on anything else. Megatron was close to having the impetuous Autobot right where he wanted him.

He still wasn't quite where *he* wanted to be, however – which was inside Rodimus. He thrust his fingers back and forth in deep, slow slides, pulling out almost entirely and then sinking in to the knuckles. Rodimus was beautifully supple around him, his frame had adjusted wonderfully, and so quickly. A few more deep thrusts of his fingers just to make sure Rodimus's aft was as open as it could be, and then he pulled them out. Rodimus's hole gaped for a moment before swiftly tightening back up, but twitched enticingly. Rodimus moaned and angled his hips up. Megatron checked Rodimus's spoiler. It was perked up high and trembling. He licked his lips.

“You're ready,” he said. He guided Rodimus's legs together and straddled them, then rubbed his spike up and down the cleft of Rodimus's aft. “Here we go...” He pushed the head of his spike against Rodimus's entrance. There was a little resistance, then he was inside. The wide, rounded tip of his spike forced Rodimus open much wider than his fingers had, and Rodimus squeaked at the intense stretch. Megatron smirked, chuckling in dark pride. He knew he was big.

“Just relax, you can take this.” He rubbed Rodimus's back as he slowly eased his way inside him, gradually sinking his thick, throbbing spike into Rodimus's virgin aft. “Can't you?”

Rodimus growled. Megatron liked provoking the bot's fiery temper, even now. Taming wild, beautiful things had always been a source of great enjoyment for Megatron.

“I can handle it! Stop holding back, old mech.”

“Ohh, you'd regret it if I did,” Megatron said, shaking his head. He was sorely tempted, but he had more self control than Rodimus did, for a start. “*I'll* decide what you can and can't handle. You just keep quiet and take it like a good bot.” Rodimus grit his teeth and growled again, but didn't argue. Not when Megatron slid another few inches inside him and robbed him of his breath. Megatron held onto Rodimus's hips and started to carefully thrust back and forth. He had about half of his spike in Rodimus now, and it was deliciously tight. He watched in fascination as Rodimus's gorgeous little aft stretched around him. He was open so wide – obscenely so – and Megatron could only imagine how it must feel for the red mech.

“Are... Are you in?” Rodimus asked shakily. He had pressed his brow to the sheets now, his back beautifully arched. “Is that all of it?”

“Not even close. How does it feel? Do you like being stretched and filled, Rodimus? How does it feel having my spike spreading your tight little exhaust open wide?”

“Ahh... It kind of hurts...”

“Cycle some deep intakes.” Megatron stopped moving for a bit, and went back to rubbing Rodimus's back. “You can do this.”

“Ahhh... Easy for you to say. When did you last have a huge fragging spike stuck up *your* aft?” Megatron blinked, processor stalling for a moment. It had been... well, *a while* to say the least. When Megatron didn't reply at once, Rodimus pushed himself up onto all fours and looked back at

Megatron with a devious smile in spite of his discomfort. "You're blushing," he said, and laughed. "That's settled, then. Next time, *I'm* doing *you*."

Megatron gave a strangled cough and gripped Rodimus's hips harder. "That's enough from you!"

"Ah! Sensitive much?" Rodimus gasped, but his ability to talk back was swiftly reduced as Megatron pressed the rest of his spike into him. Megatron was sorely tempted to ram in the remaining inches in one satisfying slam, but Rodimus was too tight for that. It would hurt, and so he clung onto his self-control even in the grip of his flustered temper and went slowly, but he didn't stop until he was fully sheathed within the heat of Rodimus's body. Rodimus squirmed and squeaked as Megatron pried him open with his spike, but Megatron grit his teeth and pressed on, an unstoppable force sinking into gently yielding warmth. When Megatron was buried completely in Rodimus's aft, Rodimus was panting and his motor whining.

"You still online?" Megatron asked. His own intakes were rather rough, as were his vocals. Beads of moisture had formed on his armour and some had begun to trickle down his frame, leaving glistening trails.

"Just about," said Rodimus. He slowly let his elbows slide out from under him, and he collapsed onto his chest and face. Megatron held his hips and kept them elevated. His voice now muffled by the bed, Rodimus said, "You feel a lot fragging bigger than usual, okay?" Megatron purred, and Rodimus snapped, "I can feel you smiling."

"Why shouldn't I smile?" Megatron gave his hips an experimental roll, which earned him a mournful wail from Rodimus. "...Are you hurting?"

"No..." Rodimus sobbed quietly into the berth, and Megatron leant down to coax him into turning his head so Megatron could see his face.

"Tell me the truth."

"Not... not really."

"Should I take it out?"

"No... Just wait a bit."

Megatron nodded. Rodimus avoided looking him in the optic. No doubt he was mortified at having to ask Megatron, of all people, for gentleness; at having to admit he wasn't tough enough to take whatever Megatron could dish out.

Megatron could have teased him for it. The thought crossed his mind, certainly – but he didn't act on it. Not this time.

He was supposed to be turning over a new leaf, wasn't he? If he treated his new lovers like he had the old, what did that say about his supposed moral improvement? Nothing good, he was sure of that.

He held himself very still. In truth, the idea of hurting or damaging Rodimus did diminish his desire somewhat. He decided that was an encouraging sign.

"All right," Rodimus said at length. "You can try moving now. *Slowly*."

"Tell me if it hurts or you want me to stop." Megatron rubbed Rodimus's back and started to make slow, very shallow thrusts. After a little while he felt Rodimus's body begin to relax again, and the

red mech let out a low groan, followed by a few choice oaths. “Good?”

“Not... not *bad*. Keep doing that.”

Megatron kept up the steady roll of his hips. He had enough stamina to keep doing this for hours if he had to. He was desperate to overload, but drawing it out was its own kind of delicious torture as well. He reached under Rodimus's body and wrapped his large hand around his spike. He gave it a few gentle pulls and Rodimus moaned in response.

“Hmm...” Megatron slowly moved back until his spike pulled out of Rodimus entirely. Rodimus's aft yawned wide open in the wake of Megatron's girth. Rodimus whined and complained, but Megatron shushed him as he pulled a vial of lubricant from his subspace and applied a liberal amount to both his spike and Rodimus's aft. His spike had been slick with Rodimus's valve fluids, but he figured some extra could only be a good thing. He wanted this to be as good as possible for both of them.

Once he was satisfied, he slid back inside the welcoming heat of Rodimus's body. Rodimus moaned aloud. He was adjusting wonderfully quickly, and he arched his back and pressed his hips back against Megatron as Megatron sank back inside him.

“Ohhhh *yeah*...”

“Like that?”

“Tsk... don't get cocky-”

“Don't start that again. Here, take the rest.” He pressed his pelvis against Rodimus's aft. Excess lubricant escaped from the tight ring of Rodimus's aft and trickled down his thighs. “Does it feel better now?”

“Ahh... Mm. Yeah, actually, it does. *Frag*. It doesn't feel any smaller!”

Megatron chuckled and leant over Rodimus's frame. He planted his hands on the berth on either side of Rodimus, covering the red mech with his much larger body. Rodimus tilted his face up to look at him, and Megatron impulsively dipped his head to capture Rodimus's mouth in a kiss. It was slow and messy and indulgent, and soon had Megatron moaning in pleasure. He wrapped himself around Rodimus and slid his spike in and out of Rodimus's tight, silky heat with slow thrusts that got gradually deeper and deeper. The change in angle from his new position let his spike rake against new and untouched sensors deep in Rodimus's body, and Rodimus convulsed beneath him, whimpering. He felt so slender and small beneath Megatron's bulky frame. He liked it. He nuzzled into Rodimus's neck and then bit. Growling, he started to fuck Rodimus a little harder, and was pleased when Rodimus squealed not in pain but in excitement.

Rodimus lifted his aft to meet each powerful surge of Megatron's hips. He was trapped by Megatron's body, hollowed out by his spike. He tilted his head back, mouth open, his glossa hanging out. He tried to ask for another kiss but all that came out of his mouth was incoherent babbling. Megatron seemed to get the message, though, and fastened his mouth on Rodimus's and delved his glossa deep into Rodimus's throat. Rodimus moaned.

Megatron gradually increased his tempo. Rodimus was so tight around him, but so slick and so supple. He could sink the entirety of his length into Rodimus's body with each thrust. He longed to slam into him with furious abandon, but held himself just barely in control – Rodimus's pleased cries and whimpers were enough to keep him hanging on. Rodimus *liked* it. No, it was clear that he *loved* what Megatron was doing to him – and that drove Megatron wild.

“You are doing *so* well,” Megatron rumbled into Rodimus's audio. Rodimus responded to the praise instantly, trembling beneath Megatron's frame and making the most obscene, wanton little sounds. Megatron growled and pressed Rodimus's cheek against the berth, his hand nearly covering the smaller mech's helm. Megatron's other hand found Rodimus's wrist and pinned it. Rodimus would have dents to buff out later, but for now he seemed to revel in Megatron's show of raw dominance. Megatron had him under his absolute control. It was enough to make him near dizzy with exhilaration and pride, and Rodimus's eager response stoked his lust sky high.

He wouldn't be able to last for much longer. He had to come, and he had to come inside Rodimus.

But not before Rodimus came first.

He licked and bit Rodimus's audio and then dialled his vocals down into a rough, sensual purr.

“You feel so good, Rodimus. So hot, so tight.” He smirked at Rodimus's blatant reaction. He ate up every morsel of praise Megatron offered him and begged for more. His body was hot and open and Megatron's for the taking. Megatron could probably do anything he wanted with him, as long as he kept talking. “*So* good around my spike.” He slowed down for a few indulgent, agonising slides. Rodimus's aft squelched when Megatron pressed deep. “Do you like this? Does it feel good for you?” He nipped Rodimus's jaw. “Tell me.”

“Y-yes,” Rodimus gasped. His optics were dazzlingly bright, and a little drool had leaked from his mouth. His lips were swollen from kisses, and looked so invitingly soft. “I like it. I l-love it...”

“What do you love?”

“What... what you're doing-”

“What am I doing, Rodimus?” Megatron smirked as he slowly circled his hips. He wanted Rodimus to beg him to go faster, deeper, harder... “Tell me you love me fucking your aft.”

“I love you f-fucking my aft! I love your spike, I need it- Please, more-”

“More what?”

“More everything!”

“Tell me what you *want*, Rodimus.” Megatron released Rodimus's helm and pinned his other wrist instead. He rose up a little, enjoying seeing Rodimus spread out beneath him. Rodimus glared over his shoulder at him. His temper was starting to cut through the haze of lust.

“I want you to fuck me in the aft!” he yelled. “Are you dense?”

Megatron only laughed. “No. I know what you want, I just enjoy hearing you say it.” He brought his legs in between Rodimus's and rose up to his knees, and Rodimus had no choice but to raise his aft along with him. Megatron kept Rodimus's wrists pinned. “That's it, lift yourself up for me. Knees apart now.” He deeply enjoyed watching Rodimus obey his every instruction without hesitation. “You're still being such a good bot-”

“Cut the slag,” Rodimus snapped. “You don't mean that-”

“Oh but I do.” Megatron began to move again, pumping his spike in and out of Rodimus's aft. He was so smooth now, so open. It was like he was made for this. “Just look at you. You're perfect.”

Megatron hadn't thought Rodimus's cheeks could get any pinker, but he was wrong. Rodimus's optics fluttered closed and his face went slack with pleasure. Megatron fucked him deeply and

steadily. His spike was so hard it hurt. If he didn't overload soon he'd break.

He let himself say whatever came into his processor, praise and encouragement rolling off his glossa. He wasn't even sure Rodimus heard half of it, but it had him purring and writhing all the same. He fucked him harder, and released one of Rodimus's wrists to once again wrap his hand around his spike.

“So good, so hot, so tight. Feel so good around my spike. You're beautiful, Rodimus, you're perfect-”

Rodimus's spike twitched in Megatron's hand. His body tightened, his face screwed up, and then he overloaded with a desperate, helpless cry. Megatron collected some of the transfluid in his palm and used it to make his hand slick as he rubbed Rodimus's spike mercilessly. Soon Rodimus was sobbing, clearly overwhelmed.

Too bad for him Megatron wasn't finished yet.

He waited for Rodimus to finish coming and then smeared the transfluid on his hand all over Rodimus's face. He wrapped one arm around Rodimus's middle and lifted him up so his spoiler was pressed against Megatron's chest. Upright, Rodimus's softening spike bounced endearingly, spraying the last few drops of transfluid onto the berth. Megatron tightened his hold around Rodimus, pinning the red mech's arms with his own, and then he began to fuck Rodimus as hard as he had been aching to all this time. His hips pistoned with all the force of the powerful machine he was, his spike hammering into Rodimus's spent body unrelentingly, hard and fast and mean. His face contorted into a grimace, his teeth bared. Rodimus's frame jolted in his arms each time he rammed his spike back inside. He wanted Rodimus to be left sore and aching, wanted him to feel Megatron inside him for hours after they were finished here. He was dimly aware that Rodimus was crying out, but all Megatron could hear was the thundering of fuel in his own lines. He slammed into Rodimus one more time, then another, and another, and then he was coming, finally. He roared as his overload claimed him, and he spilled his transfluid deep inside Rodimus's aft.

He pulled out at once, and looked down to see a flood of silver fluid come gushing out of Rodimus's gaping hole.

He released his hold on the Autobot, and Rodimus collapsed onto his front. Megatron stayed kneeling, head tilted back, while he got his breath back. The exertion had taken more out of him than he expected. He was getting old.

Eventually his attention came back to Rodimus, who was still sprawled face down. His aft was a mess, the once tight little hole pulled open, its rim puffy looking, still leaking transfluid and lubricant. There was transfluid dried on his valve and thighs from their earlier play, though his valve looked swollen and still glistened with moisture. Megatron took a good long moment to appreciate his handiwork. Then he drew his gaze up Rodimus's trembling body to his face.

Worry drew his brows into a frown, and he crawled hurriedly to Rodimus's side. He touched his shoulder. Rodimus's cheeks were wet with tears, and as Megatron lowered himself down beside him he was still sobbing quietly.

Slag. That wasn't what he'd wanted. He'd lost control, and now he had possibly destroyed everything...

“I'm fine,” Rodimus croaked. He sniffed and gave Megatron a reassuring, if tired, smile. “Just... Let's just say, I've never been fucked like that by an Autobot.”

Megatron smirked and pointed to the red badge in the centre of his chest. “You have now.”

Rodimus laughed, but was too exhausted to move. Megatron covered Rodimus's body with his own and pressed kisses to the side of his helm.

“You can... do that again,” Rodimus said. Megatron paused, and then felt a dark warmth flood his body – an unwholesome mix of lust, satisfaction, and pride. “Not *now*. But sometime...”

“I see.”

“Don't get cocky.”

“I think we're past that.”

“Mm.”

Megatron nuzzled him. He was immensely pleased with himself. “Rest now,” he said. They still had a good few hours before either of them was expected to be anywhere. Rodimus's optics closed, and soon enough his intakes slowed, telling Megatron he had slipped into recharge. Megatron knew it wouldn't be long before he followed him. He let himself relax, basking in the warmth of Rodimus's frame and his own post-overload glow. Just as he was drifting off, he marveled at just how long it had been since he had been able to recharge alongside another mech. It didn't mean he *trusted* Rodimus, necessarily, but... whatever their arrangement was, right now, he was happy.

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